

Wichita Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THE CRY OF THE CRANE.

On the 18th of July, 1893, the following local item appeared in the London Times:

"The Friday butcher exposed his wife for sale in Smithfield Market with a strap about her waist which tied her to a railing. A drover, was the purchaser at three guineas and a crown."

And that butcher and drover believed as religiously that they had a right to buy and sell that woman and that she would be out of her sphere if she raised a row about it, as Marsh Murdock does now that men have a right to make all the laws for women, and when they protest, The world has moved some in the last hundred years, but not so much in some directions, after all.—Leavenworth Times.

The Times does the editor of the EAGLE a great injustice in comparing him to the London brute who in the seventeenth century exposed his wife for sale in the Smithfield market, with a strap about her waist, which butcher's wife was bought by a drover. The editor of the EAGLE would not deny woman in anything, but he would protect her in everything. The laws of this country are the crystallized convictions of both men and women. The representatives who legislate are men, we grant, but the laws they pass upon are as much with reference to the well being of the wife, mother and daughter of the legislator as they are for his brother and father. Men build the houses, the roads, and the bridges and all, of the country, and fight its battles when necessary, but they do all this, more for the women than for themselves. Women are not the losers but the gainers in not being called upon to do any or all of these things. In truth all the triumphs of the industrial world, no less than those of the arts and sciences, came of man's devotion to the cause and happiness of his gentle partner, who in being sister, daughter or lover, is no less the mother, and as mother the primary and superior controlling force of the life of the boy, who is father to the man. The editor of the EAGLE is a nineteenth century man, not a seventeenth century brute, and being a man claims the right to defend women not only from the cranks of his own sex but from the misguiding of her own.

As for anything farther in the brute line, it is that very element in man which attracts woman, and without which he would fail not only as a protector but fail to command her respect. And that is one reason why the abnormal of neither sex should be permitted to brutalize woman by seeking to make her like a man. Woman brutalized even to the degree of man becomes a she, a mere female, in which all those qualities that attract man, that render him her servant, slave and worshiper are lost. It is the longing for manish or brutal power, and not any desire for womanly sweetness, that lures on the advocate of female suffrage.

It is to the term "man and woman" not "male and female" to which that progress which marks the time between the century the butcher sold his female and this hour wherein man cherishes the mother of his children, is due.

A SERIOUS TRUTH.

The sentiments or avowments of a man standing upon the gallows or ready to go to the guillotine to expiate crime for which he stands condemned, are not such, ordinarily, as to be commended to any for thoughtful, serious consideration, but the statement of the anarchist, Vaillant, on the eve of his execution, that to "extend a helping hand to the deserving poor will do more to crush anarchy than all the armies of the world," is a whole volume of truth in a nutshell. Not all anarchists are poor and distressed, but poverty and distress are the originating causes of anarchy and are still its hot-bed, its incubator. And the effect will disappear in proportion as the cause is removed or mollified. Nor is this the work of the church, alone. Every citizen is equally interested with every other citizen in the maintenance of peace and good order, and this calls for some personal sacrifice on the part of each and all. In the great economy of the universe every man and woman is made a fellow helper, and while nothing is required beyond the ability of the individual, none are exempt because they cannot do as much as somebody else. The grandest economy ever uttered of a human being was "She hath done what she could."

INDIAN TERRITORY LANDS.

The custom and actual practice among the Indians of the territorial tribes in the matter of ownership and control of the land furnish a unique, not to say paradoxical situation. In the Indian Territory there is no such thing known to their law as individual ownership of land; yet the land is owned by individuals. In law, one Indian has as much right to any tract or parcel of land as another; nevertheless farms are bought and sold, and men own, in fact, the land as they do in the states. As little as may be thought of the matter the Indian Territory now affords the ethnologist a field peculiarly rich in that branch of science.

There is hardly a county in either the Choctaw or Chickasaw nations free from land grabbers, land sharks and land speculators, yet not a line of Indian law is to be found anywhere giving to any person the right or power to own a foot of land. On the other hand the custom of holding possession of a given territory by a given band or tribe is common by the entire tribe extends back of our civilization and beyond Anglo-Saxon research. It seems, however, that a rapid transition is now in process and not only the white men and the red men but even Uncle Sam himself are hammering away on this ancient custom with a view of its speedy destruction. In the light of its antiquity alone there remains reason for its continuance, for the present at least.

When it comes to uniqueness in political methods commend us to southern Democrats. There is prospect of a prolonged deadlock in the Mississippi legislature over the nomination of a successor to Senator Walthall, resigned, and either to force the issue to a speedy conclusion or to save expense to the state, or yet in the interest of a favorite candidate who has the biggest bank account, a resolution has been adopted requiring the candidates to pay the per diem of members of the legislature during the continuance of the deadlock. On its face the resolution seems to be fair enough, yet it may operate to put a price upon the senatorship and result in excluding all but men of wealth from competition for the position.

It may not be to the credit of the country and the individuals to say that an income tax would be evaded by many, but it is none the less true as has been demonstrated wherever and whenever the system has been resorted to. There are millions of men still alive in this country who can testify, from their own observation, of the operation of the federal income tax laws from 1861 to 1872. Except in collections made from banks, canal, railroad and insurance companies, and employees of the government or other salaried officials who could not cover up their net income, the operation of the law was a screaming farce.

The noted cause at law, the Maxwell land grant, appealed to the United States supreme court two years or more ago, after passing and passing through several inferior courts, has finally been decided by the court of last resort in favor of the company or syndicate that had acquired control of the 20,000 acres of land in New Mexico by securing titles there issued by the Spanish government. This tract is only a small portion of the original grant, but the point at issue, the validity of the Spanish patent to the lands, and settled by the decision just rendered will apply to the entire grant, and no doubt facilitate the settlement of the other contests for titles.

Figuring upon the result of the special elections in the two New York districts last week, the New York Sun finds that upon the same basis, had elections been held throughout the country in all the congressional districts, the present Democratic majority in congress of seventy-four would have been changed into a minority of 114. This would no doubt have been the popular verdict on the Wilson bill that was on trial. The verdict will come later, and the people will make no mistake.

Under the operation of the law Admiral Benham will be retired from active service in April, and the United States navy will thereby lose one of its clearest headed and best officers. The contretemps at Rio was not an affair of great magnitude, per se, yet its involvings were fraught with deep concern to this country, and a man of less coolness, resolute firmness and discriminating judgment might have made a blunder that would have been serious in its consequences.

The Pop congressmen from Kansas were encouraged to vote for the Wilson bill by Jerry Simpson's vote against the anti-option bill and the facility with which he satisfied his partisan constituents therefrom from the stump. But they are liable to find it different when they come back and ask for an endorsement. The anti-option bill was intended to relieve and benefit the farming community especially, but the Wilson bill is against everybody.

Representative Funston has introduced in congress a bill providing for extinguishing the tribal relations of the Quapaw Indians and attach their lands to Oklahoma. A step in the right direction. What is the matter with extending the provisions of the bill to all the other Indians? It would, no doubt, greatly assist them to a rational conclusion of long vexed and vexatious Indian problem.

Free meals and free lodgings for the unemployed are but the legitimate sequel to the promise of free trade. But the honest idlers protest against the arrangement; they prefer to earn their living and for their dependents by the free exercise of their muscle and brain, producing something to give in exchange for what they must have—the necessities of life.

The champions of foot ball have done the sensible thing; that is, to reconstruct the plan of the game leaving out the brutal and brutalizing features so as to make it decent and civil and bring it within the pale of permissible sports. So much for popular protest voiced and led by the press of the country.

There was some sort of a contest at Argentine, this state, Sunday, in speaking of which a local paper remarked that the "pugs fought like tigers." The Argentinians want to understand that this isn't Mexico nor Florida, and govern themselves, or calculate to be governed.

Puddenhead Wilson is said to be Mark Twain himself. When Twain lived in Missouri, he was voted a dull, lazy numskull. The curious part about this is that the people where Mark Twain lived are reading this latest story of him, and they stick to their original opinion of the man.

If the French natives in Africa aren't a trifle more careful in their attacks upon the English forces in the same country it may become necessary for the home governments to go hunting for each other across the channel. Great wars have grown out of less serious incidents.

The Salvation Army proposes to try Bob Ingersoll for his sins. Bob says they will do no such thing. It is a widespread opinion that some day Ingersoll will be stricken with a malady of some kind and will be converted before he comes out of it.

Topeka has finally raised the amount (\$20,000), by subscription, required to secure the proposed woolen mill. It is the design of the owner of the mill, which is at present located in New England, to have it removed, set up and in operation by June 1.

TO A FRIEND.

Here's to you, old friend,
My comrade tried and true,
Through years that slowly wend,
My thoughts return to you.
True friendship brings sweet recollection,
Like times we some times rear,
Will gladden our sombre reflection
As memory brings them near.
On have you, like a magnet,
Drawn my wandering thoughts
To scenes I never will forget
'Till the battle of life is fought.
The like a sweet smelling flower,
Or a fruit's ripened perfume,
When I linger in memory's bower,
That time can never consume,
As we think of childhood's fancy,
Of youth's fair rippling brook,
Like sunlight on shadowy glancing,
We cherish a true friend's look.
And though age may dim our vision,
That face we can see in yore,
Though fate may laugh in derision,
And answer our thoughts never more.
Hutchinson, Feb. 5, 1894.

General D. B. Hill says nobody ever said: "There stands Jackson like a stone wall," and Washington did not cut down a cherry tree. This is too bad. History, a hundred years hence, may prove that Mrs. Leese was deaf and dumb.

If Benham had been in charge down at Hawaii this time he would have had Lil thrown into the crater of one volcano. Dole into another, and the whole Honolulu outfit would be in Washington clamoring for statehood.

Priests have been forbidden by the Pope from giving absolution to bull fighters. The question of prize fighters was not touched. It is pretty generally understood that the average prize fighter has no church.

There is no end to litigation. The old case of Abe vs. Cain, murder in the first degree, has been brought up again and may be appealed to the supreme court.

There are too many hairbreadth escapes in a game of modern football and it should be reformed. The players' hair might be cut, just as a starter.

That story about the engagement of Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Stanford shows just how easy it is to invent a tale if one will go to work to do it.

Corbett is down with the grip. He has been winning and dining too much. Corbett will go the way of his pugilistic predecessors.

The French people take as much pleasure in the guillotine as the Americans do in a big firecracker.

Vaillant seems to have been cut short in his remarks.

FOR REPUBLICANS TO THINK ABOUT.

Political extravagance, the besetting sin of state and national government, is so rampant and formidable as to threaten the very foundation and superstructure of our free institutions. The fundamental principles of our Republic form of government should strictly incline in all departments to the most rigid economy. We are not yet on a par with the expenditure of public funds with the monarchies of the old world, but we are galloping that way mightily fast. Demagogues and political strays are so profuse with political sophistry that they too often succeed in deceiving the very elect. It always has been so, and will be so; so long as nations exist; this is a bold assertion and if it be true, then what use of combatting the enemies of truth and justice? Simply because truth is a thing, an eternal principle an attribute of the Deity, imparted to man to admonish his evil inclinations. It does, however, most signally fail to admonish those who are in office, and those who want to get in; they are so profuse with money and money is the welfare of the people; they have no scruples about enlarging their salaries, and perquisites, and in making room for as many outside confederates as possible; they are actuated upon the get there principle—tickle me and I'll tickle you. They are in a position of ease for acquiring it by any foul means whatsoever is the greatest bane of partisan politics. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Only a few days ago a state official made the remark, our county officials are too poorly paid. It may be justly inferred that such slouthfulness pay no taxes. Why in the name of common decency is it? There are usually a score of candidates for each and every county office, eager to catch the prize of whatever dimensions it may be; the conscientious scruples about having it enlarged. The inordinate desire for political power is prevalent among men—like a loathsome disease—is shaping the foundation of our government. It may be true that every man should be a politician—it is true that politics holds hold of every man whether he be willing or not and in such a manner as to find his pocket-book and rifle the contents. The Republican party had in consequence of a long lease of power become arrogant, extravagant and audacious; blind to the popular and honest sentiment of the people in their demand for retrenchment and economy in all departments of the national finances; deaf to the power behind the throne—the ballot box.

Since the party has been relegated to the stool of repentance it would be well to get down into the ashes of humiliation and make confession of past and present political sins. Three years should be sufficient for thorough regeneration. Political pledges are nothing but political jargon designed to catch votes—the people know it and are tired of such flippant mockery. Republican law makers have done very many grand things for which the justly merit commendation; they have also done some grievous wrongs; notably, the demonizing of silver and their trucking policy with foreign powers to establish an international standard of this precious metal; there can be no patriotic American in it. Meanwhile let the party leaders remain in seclusion and ashes, that in the end it may be purified and sanctified and worthy of the suffrages of an outraged constituency.

P. W. BROCKWAX.

Party Degeneration.

The Wichita EAGLE characterizes Bourke Cochrane as a "spoiler." Bourke is a whole that will be harpooned some day for the fat that's in his head.

Will Be Better.

The Wichita EAGLE is receiving full Associated Press dispatches and expects to become better than before, though it is difficult to understand how it can be improved.

SHE HAD OBSERVED.

From the Boston Globe.

This was near Boston and Judson was telling the story. He had an acquaintance in a newly-rich man, with whom he has become rather intimately acquainted as a business way. This man's wife has been "disappeared" very diligently and conscientiously for over six months, and Judson has been asked several times to see the art treasures she had brought back. The lady's taste seemed to run largely to statuary, for she had enough to stock a small museum. Some of the pieces were pretty good, too, as she had the good sense to get some one to buy them for her.

"Like others of her ilk, Mrs. Newmoney's first and most burning ambition was to get into the social swim, for, as you know, Mr. McAllister says that is about all there is worth living for anyway. So she issued invitations for a housewarming in her splendid new house, and Newmoney gleefully informed my friend Judson that some of the bluest bloods had sent in acceptances."

"Of course Judson promised to be there. He had to be in Boston on that date, and he couldn't very well refuse if he had wanted to."

He said when he went in he took a glance around, and everything seemed perfectly correct and up to date. The man who opened the door was irreproachable, the murmur of voices from the drawing-rooms argued a large attendance, the floral decorations of the stairways were in exquisite taste, and the gentlemen's dressing-rooms were perfectly arranged.

"Well, Mrs. Newmoney has done it this time," he said, complacently to himself, as he descended to the parlors.

"After his greeting to his hostess and several introductions, he looked around for his old friend, the statuary. 'O ye gods! Spirit of the great McAllister, where wert thou? Everyone of those statues were around its neck a huge placard, bearing this legend: 'Hands off!'"

"Judson looked around at the 'blue bloods' and nearly fainted. 'After a time he edged his way to the smiling owner, and asked her why she put on those cards."

"Why, they were always on the statues in some of the finest museums in Europe," said Mrs. Newmoney, with something like pity for Judson's ignorance.

"An off-hand way of answering, wasn't it?" put in the real estate man. "What did her husband think?"

"He said 'Neb' was clever and made good use of her time while she was over in Europe. Her placarding of the statues just showed that she had seen a thing or two."

"How charming. There won't be any divorce, will there?" said the Vasas girl.

A VICTIM OF BARGAINS.

From the New York Herald.

"I am a victim," began one man with the long hair, as he unfolded his newspaper and dropped into a seat on the "L" train beside an acquaintance. "I am a victim of my wife's taste, enterprise and economy."

"But, I say, old man, you ought to get a hair cut."

"That's what I say, but my wife won't have it. She says I look more distinguished with long hair."

"Say, I never saw you with a red tie before. You were always very particular about those things."

"I know, I know," said the other, wearily. "I thought I had taste, and I had taste, and I think so yet, but what am I going to do? This tie, and he gave it a savage prod with his forefinger, "was purchased at a sale—thirty-nine cents it cost—and I have to wear it to prevent a row. My wife says it looks swell."

"See these cuffs? Well they are twelve, and my size is ten and a half. They came off the bargain counter, too, at the rate of two pairs for thirty-eight cents. Cheap? But I have to put my hands in them so they will fit inside my coat-sleeves."

He gradually warmed up to his subject. "You ought to see my underwear. Job lots, every piece; fragments. Some are too large and some are too small. See this hat? It came home in pink paper, and cost one dollar and eighty-nine cents. I wear a seven; this is seven and three-quarters. There is one morning and two evening newspapers in the band, so it will fit."

"But it was a bargain, sure. My hats cost me five dollars. You ought to be glad you're married. You must be saving money at that rate."

"Bargain? Bah! Don't talk to me of bargain! I'm sick of the word. I hear of bargains from morning to night, and sometimes during the night. I shouldn't be surprised if my wife should pick up a tombstone because it was cheap, and would have to be used some time."

"And as for saving money! Where! All the surplus cash goes for bargains. She has two trunks full of bargains that she says will come in handy some day. I live surrounded by a junk shop; but the sake of peace don't say a word."

He leaned slightly forward as he spoke, and there was a sharp click. He put his hand around to his back with a pained expression.

"What's the matter? Hurt yourself?"

"Oh, no," he said grimly. "Two of the patent suspender buttons bought at a bargain counter have parted the ways, and my twenty-two cent suspenders have broken. Say, you haven't a safety pin or a couple feet of cord, have you?"

HER PRECIOUS BASKET.

From the Buffalo Express.

A fat woman stopped a down-bound Cold Spring car the other night and climbed aboard as best she could. She was handicapped by her flesh and a big market basket which she was carrying. The car was crowded, and she had great difficulty in getting into the vestibule.

"Madam," said the conductor, "I can find a place for that basket over here."

"What's that?" she asked, sharply.

"I say that I can find a place for that basket over here."

"Young man, I couldn't think of letting that basket go out of my hands."

"But you're blocking up the doorway with it here."

"I can't help that. I paid my fare and my basket goes with me. I would set it down, only I don't dare let it go out of my hands. Its contents are valuable."

"But you must get it out of the way."

The fat woman sputtered and scolded and wound up by saying that she would not put the basket down; she would not get off the car; that she didn't care if she did block up the doorway and the conductor was no gentleman, anyhow, or he wouldn't speak to a lady about a little thing like a market basket.

"Madam," said the conductor after the fat woman had quieted down, "it will be perfectly safe over here in the corner."

"Don't believe it. I am afraid to trust it there. The contents of this basket are likely to get hurt down there under those men's feet."

And she stood there all the way from Bryant street to Swan, and every person who got off or on rubbed against that basket. The men swore and the women said "Dear me!" and looked unutterable things. And the fat woman hung on to her basket.

When the car stopped at Swan street an undersized man who was crowded into one corner of the vestibule said:

"Excuse me, madam, but if you won't consider it impertinence, I would like to know what you have in that basket that you are guarding so closely?"

The fat woman looked pleased. "Well," she said, "I don't mind telling you, seeing you inquired. They're a lot of old magazines that my daughter let me take to read."

And the conductor swore seven times under his breath and then went out and said sarcastic things to the motor man.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

The Pawnee Democrat burned out last Friday.

Like the cat, the Oklahoma sun has come back.

Pawnee has the first free reading room in the strip.

Duncan ships about 3,000 car loads of cotton yearly.

The editor of the Cold Water calls a plow a "still-slasher."

Stillwater had an election for postmaster last Saturday.

Tog Wilson was present at the prize fight in Perry last night.

Over 110,000 words were typewritten in a contest case at Newkirk.

At the Darlington agency and Fort Reno 125 beavers are consumed weekly.

The formal announcement is made that the Perry minstrels are on earth.

The semi-annual burst of the Wichita mountain gold fever has come again.

Governor Renfrow is galivanting around away out in the western part of the territory.

Sam Small's Oklahomaism gives the impression that it is unanimously stuck on itself.

A crazy El Reno man by the name of Muzzy tried to kill himself with an ax Sunday.

Henry Asp has sued away to Washington to help Dennis Flynn and Sidney Clarke rescue the statehood bill.

R. L. Lampert of the Langston City postoffice has been arrested on the charge of ripping open registered letters.

The treasurer of Canada county idly receiving from \$100 to \$200 in taxes. The penalty attaches the first Monday in April.

"Reno Kid" of El Reno says he is getting tired of the bluffs of a galoot down at Chickasha and challenges him to a fist fight.

The Ponca City Courier has raised its voice against the wire from baled hay on the main streets of that city. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

There are some funny fies in Oklahoma. At Pawnee last week a man saw that his horse was being ridden by a man who he called three other men to the rescue and they all picked the horse up and carried it out into the street.

There are some of the good old-fashioned kind of editors in Oklahoma who love their family and like to notice them occasionally. Editor Miller of the Hennessey Clipper is one of them. This week he very prettily says: "Our little girl has just passed through her most exciting experience. Last Friday was the fifth anniversary of her birthday and her mother gave a little dinner party to which she invited eight or ten of her playmates. Her pleasure was unbounded, and her big brown eyes opened wider and shone brighter than ever when she saw a number of mementoes and presents brought by the children, for she had not thought of such a thing as receiving presents. The children had a nice time. She will long remember her young visitors."

WOODWARD, O. T., Feb. 6, 1894.

To the Editor of the Eagle, Wichita, Kan.

In your issue of the 31st instance, under the heading "Woodward Items" is our reflection against Dr. Milton, and in order that a wrong impression may be averted we respectfully present that the person mentioned as "Wm. F. W. Milton" is our provisional mayor and he is the man who organized the Denver colony and caused the present trouble here. He has been sent to Washington to the interests of our people and he has well and faithfully protected their interests and the present state of affairs prospects for our town are largely due to his enterprising efforts in our behalf.

The probate judge is exceedingly anxious to protect us but Dr. Milton contends that the act of September 1, 1893, took the jurisdiction over town sites out of the hands of probate judges in the strip, hence the despoilment of private judge of "N" county. The people are with Dr. Milton.

MANY CITIZENS.

The Logic of Figures.

From the Lawrence Journal.

The Democratic administration appears to have upset everything. The Wichita EAGLE has just discovered that Cleveland, a part of the Democratic party, is greater than the whole of the party, thus proving the fallacy of what has heretofore been considered an axiom.

Only Conservatives.

From the Boston Transcript.

An old woman of undeniable Celtic origin entered a downtown savings bank the other day and walked up to the desk.

"Do you want to draw or deposit?" asked the gentlemanly clerk.

"Now, I don't. O, wants to put some in."

The clerk pushed up the book for her signature, and, indicating the place, said, "Sign on this line, please."

"Above it or below it?"

"Just above it."

"Me whole name?"

"Yes."

"Before O was married?"

"No, just as it is now."

"O can't write."

Cur the Caribuncles.

From the Mercuriale Bulletin.

Click should be shelved and give a better man a chance. It is high time that all chic office seekers, top-suckers and political caribuncles should be relegated to the rear. The Democratic party of Kansas needs men of patriotism and principle as its leaders.

THE GREAT 4C Remedy

PHELPS' PHELPS' Cough, Cold and Croup Cure

IS GUARANTEED

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY.

30 CENTS AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

WOODWARD, FAXON & CO.

Kansas City, Mo., Manufacturers.

COMBINED

The Kansas State Medical and Surgical Institute and Sanitarium, Dr. Terrill President, and the Wichita Medical and Surgical Institute and Eye and Ear Infirmary, Dr. Purdy Proprietor and Surgeon in chief, have combined the two Institutions which will be known hereafter as the Terrill-Purdy Medical and Surgical Institute, and Eye and Ear Infirmary.

The above is a cut of the Instrument used at the Terrill-Purdy Institute for the examination of Catarrh and all Nose and Throat diseases. Instruments and medicine furnished for home treatment. A written guarantee given in all curable cases.

It is a well-known fact that Dr. Terrill is the recognized Specialist of the south-west. Dr. Terrill goes each year to take a course in chronic diseases and electricity. The doctor has spent more time and money in taking special courses in chronic diseases than any physician in the west. The doctor has five different diplomas hanging in his office as proof of the same. He is also the only doctor in the southwest who has taken special courses in Electricity under such men as A. B. Rockwell, Cleaves, and Waite, of New York, and Martin of Chicago. He has certificates of private instruction from each of the above Electricians. These men are the leading electricians of America. The doctor has invested over \$10,000 in Batteries, Electrodes, Medical and Surgical Appliances, for the successful treatment of chronic diseases and is the only specialist in the southwest prepared to apply Electricity effectively and scientifically.

DISEASES OF WOMEN—Dr. Terrill has made Diseases of Women a specialty for the past twenty years, and has taken several courses of private instruction in gynecology under some of the leading specialists of the east. The wonderful curative effects of Electricity in the diseases of women are daily demonstrated by Dr. Terrill at the Institute.

LACERATIONS, DISPLACEMENTS, ENLARGEMENTS, IRREGULAR, PROLAPSE, SUPPRESSED, OR PAINFUL PERIODS, ULCERATIONS, DISCHARGES, ETC., positively cured by our new treatment. FIBROID TUMORS POSITIVELY CURED BY ELECTROLYSIS.

NERVOUS DISEASES—Dr. Terrill wishes to call the attention of those suffering from Nervous Diseases, Paralysis, Nervous Prostration, Seminal Weakness, Etc., to the wonderful curative effects of Electricity when scientifically applied.

TO YOUNG AND MIDDLE AGED MEN.

A SURE CURE—ness, destroying both mind and body permanently cured. We guarantee to cure you or no pay.

REMEDIATION—Positively cured by the aid of electricity.

PILES, FISTULA—And all rectal diseases cured. No knife, no pain. Cure guaranteed.

URETHRAL STRICTURE—Quickly and permanently cured by Electrolysis. No cutting, no pain, no money until cured.

Dr. Purdy is recognized by the medical profession and laity as the surgeon and oculist of the southwest. He is a graduate of Rush Medical College, The Post Graduate School and Hospital, (Eye and Ear Department) The Chicago Polyclinic Department of Surgery, and has been examined by examination from the Illinois, Canadian, Eye and Ear Infirmary. Dr. Purdy was the prime factor in founding St. Francis Hospital of this city, and was appointed its first surgeon where his success as an operator attracted general attention among the profession of the west. Following this appointment Dr. Purdy was made Professor of Surgery in the Wichita Medical College. In speaking of the doctor, one of Ohio's foremost surgeons while spending a few weeks in the city said: "I was astonished and gratified to find here in this western city an exponent of the most advanced thought and practice in the domain of medicine and surgery. Dr. Purdy's wonderful ability as a surgeon and oculist would give him eminence in any metropolis."

SURGERY—Among the diseases successfully treated we name the following: Deformities of all kinds, Curvature of the Spine, Hip Disease, White Swelling, Hare Lip, Tumors, Cancer, Ulcers, Fibroid Tumors of the Womb, Ovarian Tumors, Rupture, Hydrocele, Etc.

VARICOCELE—Dr. Purdy's method is new and original, no cutting, no detaching from business. An absolute cure guaranteed and money refunded. Since adopting this method less than two years ago the doctor has a record of over 50 cases treated without a single failure.

OUR EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.

In charge of Dr. Purdy. Cataract removed and sight restored after years of blindness. Cross Eyes straightened, Pterygium removed. Granulated Lids cured (no pay) and all forms of Sore Eyes treated. Glasses scientifically fitted. Many cases of Headache, Dizziness, Nervous Prostration, Etc., are due to defective vision, are relieved by suitable glasses.

Besides the above we treat and cure the following diseases: Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Tape Worm, Impotency, Deafness, Lost Manhood, Epilepsy, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Bladder Diseases of the Sexual Organs, Private Diseases of Men and Women.